

A Captain In the Ranks

By...
**GEORGE
CARY
EGGLESTON**

Copyright, 1904, by A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, 154 Fifth Avenue, New York

(Continued from last week)

HALF an hour later the young man resumed his journey westward, passing down the farther slopes of the mountain. "Wonder why I wrote 'Calro' as my address," he thought as his trusty horse carefully picked his way among the rocks and down the steep. "I hadn't thought of Calro before as even a possible destination. I know nobody there. I know absolutely nothing about the town or the opportunities it may offer."

Then he began a more practical train of thought. "I've food enough now," he reflected. "To last me scantily for a few days. During that time I must make my way as far as I can toward the Ohio river at Pittsburg or Wheeling or Parkersburg. When I reach the river I must have money enough to pay steamboat fare to Calro. There is no money in these parts, but West Virginia is practically a northern state, and there are greenbacks there. I'll sell my remaining pistols there. A little later I'll sell my horse, my saddle and my bridle. The horse is a good one, and so is the saddle. Surely I ought to get enough for them to pay my way to Calro."

Then came another and a questioning thought: "And when I get to Calro—what then? I've a good university education, but I doubt that there is a ready market for education in any bustling Missouri river town just now. I'm a graduate in law, but heaven knows I know very little about the profession aside from the broad underlying principles. Besides, I shall have no money with which to open an office, and who is going to employ a wandering and utterly destitute stranger to take charge of his legal business?"

For the moment discouragement dominated the young man's mind, but presently there came to him a reflection that gave new birth to his courage. "I'm six feet high," he thought, "and broad in proportion. I'm in perfect physical health. I have muscles that nothing has ever yet tired. Between the Wilderness and Appomattox I have had an extensive experience in shoveling earth and other hard work. I'm in exceedingly good training, a trifle underfed, perhaps, but at any rate I carry not one ounce of superfluous fat on my person. I am perfectly equipped for the hardest kind of physical work, and in a busy western town there is sure to be work enough of that kind for a strong and willing man to do. I can at the very least earn enough as a laborer to feed me better than I've been fed for the four years of war."

Curiously enough, this prospect of work as a day laborer greatly cheered the young man. Instead of depressing his spirits it for the first time lifted from his soul that incubus of melancholy with which every Confederate soldier of his class was at first oppressed. Ever since Grant had refused in the Wilderness a year before to retire beyond the river after receiving Lee's tremendous blows Gullford Duncan and all Confederates of like intelligence had foreseen the end and had recognized its coming as inevitable. Nevertheless when it came in fact, when the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered and when the Confederacy ceased to be, the event was scarcely less shocking and depressing to their minds than if it had been an unforeseen and unexpected one.

The melancholy that instantly took possession of such minds amounted to scarcely less than insanity, and for a prolonged period it paralyzed energy and made worse the ruin that war had wrought in the south.

Fortunately Gullford Duncan, thrown at once and absolutely upon his own resources, thus quickly escaped from the overshadowing cloud.

And yet his case seemed worse than that of most of his comrades. They at least had homes of some sort to go to; he had none. There was for them, debt burdened as their plantations were, at least a hope that some way out might ultimately be found. For him there was no inch of ground upon which he might rest even a hope.

Born of an old family, he had been bred and educated as one to whom abundance was to come by inheritance, a man destined from birth to become in time the master of a great patrimonial estate.

But that estate was honeycombed with hereditary debt, the result of generations of lavish living, wasteful methods of agriculture and overgenerous hospitality. About the time when war came there came also a crisis in the affairs of Gullford Duncan's father. Long before the war ended the elder man had surrendered everything he had in the world to his creditors. He had then enlisted in the army, though he was more than sixty years old. He had been killed in the trenches before Petersburg, leaving his only son, Gullford, not only without a patrimony and without a home, but also without any family connection closer than some distant half theoretical cousinships. The young man's mother had gently

passed from earth so long ago that he only dimly remembered the sweet nobility of her character, and he had never had either brother or sister.

He was thus absolutely alone in the world, and he was penniless, too, as he rode down the mountain steep. But the impulse of work had come to him, and he joyfully welcomed it as something vastly better and worthier of his strong young manhood than any brooding over misfortune could be or any leading of the old aristocratic, half idle planter life, if that had been possible.

In connection with this thought came another. He had recently read Owen Meredith's "Lucile," and as he journeyed he recalled the case there described of the French nobleman who for a time wasted his life and neglected his splendid opportunities in brooding over the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty and in an obstinate refusal to reconcile himself to the new order of things. Duncan remembered how, after a while, when the new France became involved in the Crimean war, the Frenchman saw a clearer light; how he learned to feel that, under one regime or another, it was still France that he loved and to France that his best service was due.

"That," thought Gullford Duncan, "was a new birth of patriotism. Why should not a similar new birth come to those of us who have fought in the



Confederate army? After all, the restored Union will be the only representative left of those principles for which we have so manfully battled during the last four years—the principles of liberty and equal rights and local self government."

At that moment the young man's horse encountered a huge boulder that had rolled down from the mountain side, completely blocking the path. With the spirit and the training that war service had given him the animal stopped not nor stayed. He approached the obstacle with a leap or two and then with mighty effort vaulted over it. "Good for you, Bob!" cried the young man. "That's the way to meet obstacles, and that's the way I am resolved to meet them."

But the poor horse did not respond. He hobbled on three legs for a space. His master, dismounting, found that he had torn loose a tendon of one leg in the leap.

There was no choice but to drive a bullet into the poor beast's brain by way of putting him out of his agony.

Thus was Gullford Duncan left upon the mountain side, more desolate and helpless than before, with no possessions in all the world except a pair of pistols, a saddle, a bridle, a side of bacon, a peck of cornmeal and a few ounces of salt.

The valley lay before him in all its barrenness. Beyond that lay hundreds of miles of Alleghany mountains and the region farther on.

All this expanse he must traverse on foot before arriving at that great river highway, by means of which he hoped to reach his destination, a thousand miles and more farther still to the west. But the new manhood had been born in Gullford Duncan's soul, and he was no more appalled by the difficult problem that he must face than he had been by the fire of the enemy when battle was on. "Hard work," he reflected, "is the daily duty of the soldier of peace just as hard fighting is that of the warrior."

Strapping his saddle and bridle on his back, he took his bacon and his salt bag in one hand and his bag of meal in the other. Thus heavily burdened he set out on foot down the mountain.

"At any rate my load will grow lighter," he reflected, "every time I eat, and I'll sell the saddle and bridle at the first opportunity. I'll make the Ohio river in spite of all."

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a truly terrible tramp that the young man had before him, but he did not shrink. So long as his provisions lasted he pushed forward, stopping only in the woodlands or by the wayside for sleep and for eating. By the time that his provisions were exhausted he had passed the valley and had crossed the crest of the Alleghanies.

He was now in a country that had not been wasted by war, a country in which men of every class seemed to be reasonably prosperous and hard at work.

There, by way of replenishing his commissariat, he sold the saddle he was carrying on his back, and thus lightened his load.

Fortunately it was a specially good saddle, richly mounted with silver and otherwise decorated to please the fancy of the dandy Federal officer from whose dead horse Duncan had captured it after its owner had been left stark upon the field in the Wilderness. It brought him now a good price in money, and to this the purchaser generously added a little store of provisions, including, for immediate use, some fresh meat, the first that had passed Duncan's lips for more months past than he could count upon the fingers of one hand.

A little later the young man sold his pistols, but as he pushed onward toward the Ohio river he found that both traveling and living in a prosperous country were far more expensive than traveling and living in war desolated and still moneyless Virginia.

His little store of funds leaked out of his pockets so fast that, economize as he might, he found it necessary to ask for work here and there on his journey. It was springtime, and the farmers were glad enough to employ him for a day or two each. The wages were meager enough, but Duncan accepted them gladly, the more so because the farmers in every case gave him board besides. Now and then he secured odd jobs as an assistant to mechanics. In one case he stoked the furnaces of a coal mine for a week.

But he did not remain long in any employment. As soon as he had a trifle of money or a little stock of provisions to the good he moved onward toward the river.

His one dominating and ever growing purpose was to reach Calro. What fortune might await him there he knew not at all, but since he had scratched that address on the butt of a pistol the desire to reach Calro had daily and hourly grown upon him until it was now almost a passion. The name "Calro" in his mind had become a synonym for "opportunity."

It was about the middle of May when the toilsome foot journey ended at Wheeling. There Duncan, still wearing his tattered uniform, made diligent inquiry as to steamboats going down the river. He learned that one of the great coal towing steamers from Pittsburg was expected within a few hours, pushing acres of coal laden barges before her, and he was encouraged by the information, volunteered on every hand, that the work of "firing up" under the boilers of these coal towing boats was so severe that a goodly number of the stokers always abandoned their employment in disgust of it and deserted the boat if she made a landing at Wheeling, as this approaching one must do for the reason that a number of coal laden barges had been left there for her to take in tow.

It was Gullford Duncan's hope to secure a place on her as a stoker or coal passer, to take the place of some one of the deserters. This might enable him, he thought, to earn a little money on the way down the river instead of depleting his slenderly stocked purse by paying steamboat fare.

With such prospect in mind he ventured to go into the town and purchase a pair of boots and a suit of clothes fit to wear when he should reach Calro. His worn-out uniform would answer all his purposes while serving as a stoker.

When the steamboat, with her vast fleet of barges, made a landing Gullford Duncan was the first man to leap aboard in search of work. Unfortunately for him, there were few or no deserters from in front of the furnaces on this trip. He could not secure employment as a stoker earning wages, but after some persuasion the steamer's captain agreed to let him "work his passage" to Calro—that is to say, he was to pay no fare, receive no wages and do double work in return for his passage down the river and for the coarse and unsavory food necessary for the maintenance of his strength.

(Continued next week)

"I"

(Continued from page 4)

he and his party reached the sidewalk, the band which was in waiting, opened up anew, with some good music, and the entire group marched up Commercial street for a distance and when overtaken by a car, boarded it in a swarm and went to Uniontown, where the governor was met by a large assembly, at Suomi hall. Here he delivered his third speech of the day, though this one was given almost wholly to an adroit attempt to disparage the claims of the republicans that he had used his executive authority to operate against the fishing interests of the lower Columbia, and by way of proof that he was successful in his efforts to eradicate the idea from the minds of his auditors, who were practically, all fishermen, he was presented, in the midst of his address, with a solid gold fish representing the famous salmon of this section but there are those who are of the opinion that the gift was a clever campaign device of his managers here, to accentuate his extraordinary ef-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Local Option by Precincts

Chief Purpose of Pending Amendment, as Explained by Attorney Moody—Unfair Grouping of Precincts is Prevented and There is a Square Contest Between "Wet" and "Dry."

The people are in favor of local option, but not prohibition. When, therefore, the "local option law" was submitted to the electors for their approval at the general election held in 1904 it received a majority of the votes cast thereon, as it was believed to be as represented. Had the voters understood that the provisions of the law made it in many respects a prohibition measure containing unfair provisions, and not simply local option, it would have been defeated.

It was not fully understood by the people, at the time they voted upon this law, that it provided that the prohibitionists might call an election every year, while those in favor of license could only call an election every two years; or that the prohibitionists were permitted to group several "dry" precincts together with one "wet" so as to permit the majority in the dry precincts to overcome the majority in the wet precincts, and thus force a precinct to become dry even though a majority residing in such precinct did not wish it.

While it was understood that when an election was called for the whole county, such county would be dry if it went for prohibition, the people did not understand that if such county election went against prohibition it did not allow the county to be wet, but made dry such precincts in the county as voted dry.

The people did not know that the law provided that when a precinct went dry it denied the right of a person living in that precinct to have liquor in his own house for the use of his family and guests.

The proposed amendment to the local option law corrects these objectionable features, while not destroying or in any manner interfering with the proper purposes of the law.

The amendment provides that a local option election shall only be called every two years; prevents grouping and gerrymandering of districts, and allows each precinct to determine what shall be the rule in such precinct. So that if a majority of a precinct votes dry it shall be dry; if wet it shall be wet.

Should the amendment be adopted, it will make the present law a purely precinct local option law, as it was originally represented to be, and which the people thought it was at the time it was

adopted, giving each side the same and equal privileges.

The amendment also raises the number of signatures necessary to call an election from 10 per cent to 30 per cent. To permit 10 per cent, a small minority of any community, to call an election puts it in the power of a few not only to thrust an expense upon the taxpayers of the county, but such right could be and has been easily utilized as a weapon of persecution or blackmail.

The amendment further provides that the sale of liquors in wholesale quantities by bona fide brewers, and distilleries and wineries or wholesale houses, is not to be construed as a violation of the law. The purpose of local option is to control the saloon and the sale of liquors in retail quantities. Under the present law, should the precinct in which a brewery is located vote dry, it would prevent the brewery from manufacturing any beer in its present location, and force it to establish its plant in some precinct that voted wet, practically confiscating the plant located in the dry precinct; and though a wholesaler had at great expense established his place of business in a certain location, if the precinct in which his business was located should go dry, he would be prevented from doing business at this location, even though he did not sell to any one living within such dry precinct.

The amendment proposed takes this unjust and objectionable feature out of the law. The amendment further provides that when a precinct goes dry it shall not go into effect until 90 days. This gives a saloon man who was legally doing business in the precinct before it went dry time within which to dispose of his fixtures and stock. No reasonable man can object to this provision.

The present local option law was drawn by those who are in favor of prohibition, and not local option; and its enactment was secured upon the representation that it was a local option measure. Since the true effects of the provisions of such act have now been discovered and made known, the law should be amended so that it really will be what it was originally thought and represented to be, simply a local option law; and the adoption of the amendment now proposed will make it a local op-

tion law containing no provision which is not fair and equal to all parties.

Between prohibition and local option there ought to be a great gulf fixed. Of course, under the present law, which was framed by the prohibitionists, we will admit that there is not much difference. But the people can make a difference.

A local option law is intended only to control the location of the saloon. No one wishes to have a saloon next his residence, and in cases where city councils are careless, a local option law is desirable to correct or prevent this evil.

But local option was never intended to be a weapon in the hands of the prohibitionists. The prohibitionists are not anxious to control the saloon. They do not want to control it. They want it wiped out of existence altogether. They make no distinction between a great brewery or winery and a saloon. Everything connected with the brewing or liquor business looks alike to the prohibitionist, and he would exterminate them, root and branch.

Of course the American people do not agree with these impracticable ideas. They have voted frequently for the license system. But the prohibitionist is not a believer in majority rule. No matter how small a majority he may be of the community, he is always insisting that the rest of the people shall adopt his views of the matter.

Here is Astoria, for instance, the prohibitionists have called an election in precinct 6. This election is called ostensibly to close the saloon in this district. But if the precinct were to go dry the North Brewery, which is one of Astoria's leading industries, would also have to close. Most local option laws exempt breweries from their operation. But the Oregon local option law having been framed by the prohibitionists does not do so. The framers of the present local law were just as anxious to wipe out breweries as they were to close saloons. The proposed amendment to the local option law corrects this defect, but it has not yet been passed by the people. In the meantime we should hesitate to vote precinct 6 dry thus closing a manufacturing industry of which Astoria is justly proud, and which has always done its full share in upbuilding the city.

MARK YOUR BALLOT THIS WAY:

For Amendment to the Local Option Law giving Anti-Prohibitionists and Prohibitionists Equal Privileges. Vote Yes or No.

304 X Yes.

305 No.

forts to disabuse the minds of the fishermen here, of the idea that he was, in any sense, inimical to them; but be this as it may, he has a very handsome memento of his visit to Astoria, and one he will appreciate, however, it was inspired.

After the assembly had dispersed he was taken directly to his hotel where he took a well earned rest from the exertions of the closing day of his campaign.

"THE MILWAUKEE"

"Pioneer Limited," St. Paul to Chicago; "Overland Limited," Omaha to Chicago; "Southwest Limited," Kansas City to Chicago.

No train in the service of any railroad in the world equals in equipment that of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. They own and operate their own sleeping and dining cars and give their patrons an excellence of service not obtainable elsewhere.

Berths in their sleepers are longer, higher and wider than in similar cars on any other line. They protect their trains by the Block System. H. S. Rowe, General Agent, 134 Third street, Portland, Ore.

There is one thing that you can bank on. The present day young women are keener, brighter, and better looking and more self-reliant and less dependent. They take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets, Frank Hart, Druggist.

Sherman Transfer Co.

HENRY SHERMAN, Manager

Trucks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture

Wagons—Pianos Moved, Boxed and Shipped.

433 Commercial Street

Phone Main 121

First National Bank of Astoria, Ore.

ESTABLISHED 1886.

Capital \$100,000

SUMMER SCHOOL

Monmouth State Normal School

June 27th to August 7th and August 13th to September 7th—First six weeks devoted to special preparation for County and State Examinations. Regular Normal subjects and Methods also. Last four weeks a continuation of Normal instruction and special attention to Primary Methods with model pupil classes.

Faculty of Over Twenty Instructors.

Regular Normal Faculty assisted by noted college and public school educators.

TUITION: FIRST TERM, \$7.50—SECOND TERM, \$5.00.

For catalogue, summer school circular or other information write to Pres. E. D. Ressler, Monmouth, Oregon.